The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere.
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt.
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries: and the mazed worlde,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it then; it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt.
The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee.
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order:
And in the ſpiced *Indian* ayer, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt, by my ſide,
And ſat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood;
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceaue,
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde;

Which

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN